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— John P. Sisk

THE

Commonweal

Socialism in Europe

Time for a New Look?

by Michael P. Fogarty

Religion and Public Life

New Interest in Righteousness

by Francis J. Lally

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

CURBING FILIBUSTERS

AS IT HAS developed through the years the American system of governmental checks and balances has few equals among parliamentary democracies of the world. Such things as the separation of powers, local autonomies and the lengthy procedure for the making of the nation's laws are of the essence—as are the rights and freedoms prescribed for the individual citizen. Even the possibility that an upsurge of popular feeling might lead to tyrannical dictation by a democratic majority is provided against through the procedure of the Senatorial filibuster.

This obstructive parliamentary device goes back for more than a century to the days when opponents of financial bills sponsored by Henry Clay resorted to it. One of its theoretical bases is that no United States Senator should be limited in his discussion of any question. And in recent times, at least, filibustering Senators have been permitted to talk or read endlessly on any subject as a demonstration of opposition so determined that the Senate should think twice before enacting a proposed law.

For three-quarters of a century opponents of legislation resorted to filibusters without restriction. A number of bills and an even greater number of appropriations met death in this fashion. Often a serious threat of a filibuster sufficed to defeat legislation. Then on the eve of World War I a handful of Senators, "eleven wilful men," held up Woodrow Wilson's plan to arm American merchantmen against German U-boats. As a result a cloture rule was passed setting forth the conditions under which debate could be closed and a vote taken. These provisions supplied the basis in 1949 for Rule 22, still in force.

In order to break-up a filibuster and proceed to a vote, sixty-six Senators must now be present and approve. After that, further debate is limited in that each Senator who speaks can do so for not more than an hour. In view of Senatorial courtesies, a voting margin as large as this is difficult to attain under most circumstances. When civil rights legislation is involved, as at present, the vehement Southern minority has proved large enough, with the help of a few friends from other sections, to block a cloture of debate.

WHEN THE Eighty-sixth Congress opens next month it will consider two types of revision for Rule 22. The first is a bipartisan measure sponsored by Senators Douglas, Humphrey, Case and Javits. For emergency legislation it would still require a two-thirds vote of Senators present for cloture. For other legislation a Constitutional majority of fifty Senators would be sufficient after three intervals of protracted debate. And fifteen days of further debate would then be permitted—involving two months' discussion in all.

The other proposed revision, favored by Senator Lyndon Johnson, is offered as a compromise. Instead of sixty-six Senators, two-thirds of those present and voting could bring about the end of a filibuster. Here again the determination of a minority such as the representatives of the South would be virtually impossible to overcome. Their own twenty votes plus the dozen or so of conservative colleagues from the West and North would be marshaled with greater effectiveness than the less organized, scattered Senatorial majority. A study of similar votes in the past forty years discloses that cloture would not have been obtained on any civil rights bill under such requirements. The chances of restricting filibusters would remain virtually unchanged even with the complexion of the new Congress.

The terms of the bi-partisan cloture bill appear,

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however, eminently reasonable. There is ample opportunity for full-scale debate. By the time a proposed piece of legislation is reported out of committee and goes through the various steps envisaged there is no chance of its being hasty or ill-considered. The American system of checks and balances will remain, both structurally and in the persons of widely differing, highly-placed representatives. The possibility that a majority can tyrannize will continue to remain remote.

To say this is not to deny that the filibuster still has a useful place in American political life. It is not to ignore the fact that it is a device that can on occasion be put to good use both by political liberals and conservatives. It is not to imply that only a filibuster stands between the present impasse in the South and the formulation and enactment of a truly wise and effective civil rights bill at this difficult stage of transition. But support of a real if limited change in the Senate's rule of cloture is one prerequisite, and it would be a Congressional achievement of the first rank.

THE LEGION'S CODE

TO ALL THOSE who have not too readily dismissed the Legion of Decency out of hand, the modifications made in the Legion's classifications within the last year must be of interest. For these modifications, which include new classifications and new emphases, make a greater distinction between films for adults and those for children, and stress the more positive aspects of the Legion's purpose.

Commenting on those changes, Bishop James A. McNulty, the new chairman of the U.S. Bishop's Committee for Motion Pictures, Radio and Television, said that they have been "enthusiastically welcomed by professional Catholic education circles" and have been received with "deep interest" by the motion picture industry. Among the specific organizations which have commented favorably on the new emphases, the Bishop mentioned the Catholic Theological Society of America and the International Catholic Film Office, Paris. The latter is of particular interest, since the new classifications allow the Legion to approach more nearly the widely accepted practices of similar groups in European countries.

Bishop McNulty also reminded people of the function of the Legion pledge which Catholics are urged to take each year. This pledge is widely misunderstood, even by some Catholics, for many people look upon it as something additional to and beyond their usual obligations. But the Bishop pointed out that the pledge is voluntary and adds no new obligation to one's moral life; the pledge, which is expressed in general terms, serves only to recall specific obligations that all men have.

The Bishop's encouraging and optimistic statements about the Legion recall the firm, realistic basis on which the Legion was founded and which many groups, Catholic and non-Catholic, willingly affirmed. For he stressed the possible danger to the moral health and intellectual development of children, and the responsibility of each person to form a right conscience for himself and to help inform the public conscience. That much of the severest criticism leveled against the Legion in recent years came from people who would fully agree with these principles is an indication of how far the Legion fell short of its acknowledged goal. It would not be realistic to think that all criticism of the Legion will suddenly cease. For where prudential matters are involved—as they inevitably are in the area of art and censorship—total agreement is not to be looked for. But the changes in the Legion render obsolete much of past criticism, and enlarge the areas of possible agreement.

SUCCESS OF THE ATLAS

THE RECENT achievement of the Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile—a full-range flight of more than six thousand miles and a bull's eye o

In the Christmas Issue

BEDE GRIFFITHS writes: "Christ has entered now into the pattern of religious belief in India. . . . It is not the Christ of Easter but the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount."

DOROTHY DAY describes a Mexican pilgrimage: "There are no fences and there are always shepherds and herdsmen, on foot, living with their animals. Oxen do the ploughing, harvesting is by hand, threshing as it was in Biblical times."

JOHN B. SHEERIN writes of Isaac Hecker and the beginnings of the Paulist order: "Hecker was convinced that a religious society aiming to evangelize America would have to be American right down to the core of its personality, a core which is the love of liberty."

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its target—is a source of satisfaction and relief to the American people and to our allies all over the world. At the same time, as has been pointed out, it must not be thought that the U.S. has now "caught up" with the Soviet Union in the missile race. There is evidence that the U.S.S.R. has operational I.C.B.M.'s right now, and the U.S. Atlas will not be operational, presumably, for many months or even more than a year. The Soviet advantage is still there and, according to the experts, will become even more significant within the next few years.

But at least the gap has been narrowed. It is ironic that we must seek so horrible a condition as the "balance of terror," but such a stalemate, perilous and hateful as it is, seems now our first guarantee against the holocaust.

ARRESTS IN SPAIN

THE WAVE of arrests which has again swept across Spain is both symptom and result of a country ruled by a dictator. It is easy to find its parallel in the immediate history of our times. But the most recent arrests in Spain should serve to remind the world of another phenomenon. Although some of those arrested were Rightists, most were young, liberal Socialists; and the point that needs to be emphasized is that they were young.

It is true, and should not be forgotten in any over-all judgment, that under General Franco some conditions have improved. But those who were arrested do not have the strong loyalties engendered by events which to them are history rather than experience. To them comparisons between present conditions and worse conditions in the past are irrelevant if not meaningless. What shapes their attitudes, what moves them to action and open criticism, is the sharp contrast between present conditions and the potentialities that are not being realized, between the conditions that prevail in their country and the freedoms of other Western countries.

These young people are opposed to the censorship, the obscurantism, the economic dependency and confusion and the military oppression which exist in Spain. The latest arrests are a sign of greater, more subdued dissatisfaction; and the arrests are a sign of a way in which the present regime intends to deal with such dissatisfaction. But the memories of the past must fade, the present must press with greater urgency, and the younger generation will continue to gain adherents.

CAT AND MOUSE

OVER THE YEARS we have often editorialized about the horrors of thermonuclear war and the whole problem of armament control. Nonetheless, although we are not sure we can justify our reaction on rational grounds, few things have given us quite as bad a turn as recent Army Ordnance films on nerve gas. Portions of these films were widely shown on T.V., and millions of Americans must have witnessed, as we did, the spectacle of a normal, rodent-hunting cat turned into an abject creature which jumped a foot in sheer terror at the approach of a mouse. Just what it was that bothered us so much about all this we are not quite prepared to say. If the results are purely temporary, it is, we suppose, better to be a quivering mass of fear for a short period than to be atomized entirely. But there is something particularly repulsive about a weapon that strikes at the core of the human person as directly as this one—if only because it does instantaneously what totalitarian mass societies try to do in more subtle form and by degrees.

In any case, we certainly cannot completely share the sentiments of the general who is in charge of developing these "non-lethal" weapons for the Army. When the pictures of the cat-mouse experiment were released, this officer remarked that much more work remains to be done on nerve gas but that it "obviously possesses great possibilities." We can see the possibilities, all right, but was "great" really the adjective he was searching for?

TWICE WILL SUFFICE

SOME WEEKS ago we commented in these columns on some recent pronouncements on art by the eminent poet Robert Frost. The burden of our remarks, without satire, was that we admired Mr. Frost's poetry in spite of what he had to say about it. We have since been accused of *lèse majesté* by a number of proper Frostonians and have dutifully reconsidered the whole problem.

Our thinking has been aided by a lengthy interview with Mr. Frost which was published in the interim by the New York Sunday *Times Magazine*, which article we recommend to anyone concerned. It includes the text of "Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening" and a number of statements by the Old Master which call for unqualified admiration. For instance, despite his complete lack of sympathy with Ezra Pound even as an artist, Mr. Frost worked for Pound's release because, "I had the

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feeling that this Pound thing was going to be part of our literary story, and I didn't want it to end ugly."

But the article also includes some remarkable, although characteristic, observations on the Communist-free West competition ("two great ideas—who's to say they're not both valid?"), the late Senator McCarthy ("who couldn't bear to hear parlor pinks sitting around and talking the way they did") and, with relentless whimsy, the poet's obligation ("You've got to snap the quip to make Pegasus prance").

In sum: we admire the poetry of Robert Frost—in spite of everything.

A PENNY EARNED

A RECENT U.P.I. dispatch listed a number of trivial but fascinating economies being put into effect by our armed forces, and we think they're worth passing along, as a random footnote to the battle of the budget now shaping up and as eminently notable in their own right.

For instance, instead of the ninety-eight separate types of erasers formerly believed necessary, the military services will henceforth make do with only sixteen. And instead of the one hundred seventy different styles of men's drawers they have been using up till now, the armed forces are now operating with a mere hundred and forty and planning to cut the variety down further, to no more than eighty-two. (This item should destroy forever the canard that G.I. clothing comes in only two sizes—too big and too small.) Most striking of all, perhaps, is the revelation that the Army has these many years been curing its bacon for forty-two hours, while the Navy has been specifying only twenty-four hours. Henceforth, the Navy way will prevail.

Before one scoffs at the importance of these developments, let it be known that the accelerated bacon-cure alone will save the Army $320,000 annually. However you slice it, that's a cure worth taking.

ELECTION IN DISPUTE

IT IS REPORTED that the House Committee on Campaign Expenditures is considering an investigation into the circumstances surrounding the recent defeat of Congressman Brooks Hays of Arkansas. We hope its decision will be to proceed with the proposed inquiry.

Congressman Hays is a nationally known Protestant lay leader whose views on race are normally described as moderate. During the early stages of the Little Rock crisis, it will be remembered, Mr. Hays tried vainly to bring about a compromise between Governor Faubus and President Eisenhower which would have kept the Little Rock school situation from reaching its present sad condition. Apparently his efforts at mediation were not appreciated by the segregationists. In the recent election, to the surprise of almost everyone, Congressman Hays was beaten by a write-in segregationist candidate backed by Governor Faubus, a defeat which ended sixteen years of Congressional service.

If the balloting in Arkansas was regular, there is, of course, nothing to be done about this except to regret the passing of a voice of moderation in the South—although Democrats in Congress may well ask themselves if the segregationist who ran as an "independent" should be given party privileges on committee assignments and the like. But supporters of the defeated Congressman assert that the balloting was far from proper and Mr. Hays himself has said that in at least one district the number of votes cast far exceeded the total of all registered voters. Such charges deserve investigation by the House—an investigation that should be vigorously supported by all Congressmen who in the future may find themselves vulnerable to attack by racist extremists in their own districts.

AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT

WE HAVE been a little slow in reporting this, but we hope it is still not too late for us to pass on word of a recent invention for the man who has everything. As most of our readers must know by now, there are people who just can't stand the way anyone else mixes a Martini and others who, while perhaps not so sensitive in the palate, sometimes find themselves high and dry, so to speak, between bars. For both categories of Martini-drinker a sympathetic corporation recently came up with the perfect answer: a plastic envelope which can be filled at home, sealed and safely carried in purse or pocket. In case of emergency, indoors or out, just whip out the plastic envelope, cut the top with a small scissors, and there you are. Indeed, in case of all-out emergency, we understand, the thing can even be torn open with the teeth. Obviously a development like this could make all the difference, and we only hope Mr. Khrushchev is paying close attention.

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Socialism in Europe

In the light of developments since Quadragesimo Anno, does the condemnation of socialism by the Church now seem out of date?

by MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago Pius XI wrote in *Quadragesimo Anno* that "no one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a socialist properly so-called." There lies on my table as I write a pile of programs and reports of recent European socialist party congresses. They raise more sharply than ever the question whether the judgment of *Quadragesimo Anno* is now out of date.

Even in 1931, it was just because democratic socialists in Europe had already given up so many of the errors condemned by the Church that Pius XI thought it important to remind Catholics so firmly of the errors that still remained. And since that time socialists have learned a great deal. They have learned it in Belsen and Auschwitz and Vorkuta, in East Berlin and Budapest —places where they found their lot shared by Christians—Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox. In Eastern Europe and in the Western war economies they have learned how disastrous all-out State control can be, and they have taken the lesson to heart.

As an example, a colleague of mine from Oxford visited Poland not long ago with a British Marxist called Meek. At one point they addressed a meeting of Polish economists. Afterwards my colleague asked, as a matter of interest, "How many orthodox Marxists would there be here?" "Well," said his Polish host, looking reflectively around the room, "there is Mr. Meek." Yet probably everyone in that room would have thought of himself as a socialist. Much has been learned also from the experience of the socialist governments of Britain and Scandinavia; and from the defeat of several of these governments, and the fact that socialists in countries like Germany, Holland or Belgium have never been able to obtain anything like a majority.

Mr. Fogarty, author of *Christian Democracy in Western Europe, 1820-1953*, is The Commonweal's correspondent in England.

Three things mainly strike me in recent socialist documents, particularly from Germany, Austria and Holland. The first is the way in which human personality is now put right in the center of the picture. It has become, very clearly and explicitly, the foundation of all social-democratic thinking. It was no doubt once true that, to quote *Quadragesimo Anno* again, "socialism . . . affirms that human society was instituted merely for the sake of material well-being." But it is not true today.

For what the socialist parties of today affirm is, on the contrary, that human society is instituted for the full development of each individual's personality in and through society. And this is pretty much what Pius XI said himself. A personalist policy, socialists insist, demands careful attention not only to material well-being but also to such things as human rights; racial and national equality; democracy in politics and work, education, music and art; and careful attention also to the family. It is a new thing to find socialists insisting on the intimacy of family life as the foundation of personal development, and backing this up with special consideration for the mother at home.

SECONDLY, social-democrats today are firmly committed to a free and plural society. They hate the totalitarian state with the hatred of men who have lived under it, not merely studied it from afar. Concentrations of power are one of their great targets, and the concentration of state power, particularly where it is in the hands of a bureaucracy, seems to them as bad as any other. They are completely committed to democracy.

They want state economic planning (which of us does not?) but in a mixed economy where public, private and cooperative enterprise will rub shoulders. This economy is to operate largely through competition,

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strongly policed by anti-trust agencies. Productivity, full employment, and rising standards of life, says the German Social-Democratic Party, can be achieved only in an economy "organized on a basis of freedom." And this free economy "is possible today only if the greatest possible number and variety of . . . forms of business are kept in operation, and the influence of the state and its bureaucracy is kept in bounds." (Republican papers are welcome to copy.)

Socialists today have become strong supporters of small and medium business, partly as a counter-weight to the giant corporation, but also because they show a new understanding of what property means to the small business man or the farmer. They now admit explicitly that property is the basis of the small man's independence and personal development, and should be encouraged accordingly. Like many non-socialists, they see control by society over the giant corporation as one of the toughest problems we have to face. But even here they do not, as they would once have done, leap straight to nationalization as the solution. They insist that other sorts of control, internal or external—co-responsibility, or public price and investment control such as we have in the steel industry in Britain—should be tried first. And if there is to be public ownership, much better that it be cooperative, they say, rather than state socialist.

Thirdly, one socialist party after another is following the lead of the Dutch Labor Party and the Socialist International and giving up any formal commitment to Marxism or any other philosophy. The parties say today that they represent a certain current of left-wing opinion, a group of people who want to promote the growth of human personality through certain social reforms. But they recognize that membership of this group may spring from many different philosophies. One is atheistic humanism, but another is religious belief, and in Europe especially Christian belief. German or Austrian socialists, for example, agree today that as a matter of fact Christianity has been the chief force in shaping British socialism, and as a matter of principle could perfectly well be so anywhere else. And, though they reject the idea of a Christian political party, they admit today that it is right and reasonable for Bishops, as the leaders of the Church, to speak to their flocks, not only on religious matters narrowly defined, but on political or social matters.

I KNOW, of course, that a Christian critique of European socialism can still find plenty to fasten on. The changes I have mentioned here have been mainly in the North of Europe: the Latin socialist parties, including the French, are still far behind the times. Even in the North the new programs contain some eloquent silences, and, in spite of everything, the taint of statism is still there. In a recent issue of *De Gids,* a Christian-Democratic leader, A. E. De Schrijver, examines the record of the late socialist-liberal coalition government in Belgium. It is only, as he rightly points out, when you come down from the great principles of legislation to the detailed work of administration that you realize how naturally it still comes to a socialist to assume that politicians and civil servants are right and the private citizen or institution is irresponsible: also that the central government must be right as against the province or the city.

Furthermore, European socialists may not want much more nationalization, but they are flat against any move to reverse the nationalization that has already taken place. They have put up strong resistance to the efforts of German and Austrian Christian Democrats to make certain nationalized firms truly "the people's own" by selling shares in them to small investors. They also tend to think too much in terms of external control over industry and too little of developing social responsibility in industry itself. The debate on industrial control at the last German Social-Democratic Congress was a revelation on this. In the German coal and steel industries, labor, which means largely socialist labor, holds half the seats on boards of directors, appoints to one of the three key management posts in each firm, and is organized in some of the, potentially at least, most powerful unions in the world. Here if anywhere, one would have thought, was the chance of a splendid experiment in social partnership, with a council for each industry and co-responsibility in each firm. But the mood of the socialist congress was one of sheer despair about this. Speakers approved co-responsibility in principle, but many of them had clearly no confidence at all in the ability of socialist unions or directors actually to influence the heavy industries from within. It would be serious enough if it were true that co-responsibility in the German heavy industries had been such a failure. But it is not true; and that makes the attitude of the socialist politicians all the more revealing.

Also, of course, the abandonment of the old Marxist basis is a disclaimer of interest in philosophies, not a conversion to a new one. For most (admittedly not for all) party members, it is a declaration of indifference, at a time when the main danger to faith lies precisely in indifference rather than hostility. The old hostility to religion in any case still lurks in the depths, down among the rank and file, at the level where the tradition has been for a good socialist to join a crematorium club to show his contempt for the Church. And on one point in particular, over the schools, the conflict of Church and Party goes on. In the whole of Continental Europe only one socialist party, that of Holland, admits what we European Catholics have always insisted is the first principle of justice in the schools question, namely that public funds shall be available as freely

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to those parents who want a religious schooling for their children as to those who do not.

BUT WHEN all is said and done I doubt if the faults of the European socialist parties, from the angle of Christian theory, are today any more noticeable than those of many non-socialist parties which Catholics are perfectly free to join. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic party has the faintest intention of granting Catholic parents what Europeans would call elementary justice in the matter of the schools, yet I do not hear of Catholics being excommunicated for joining them. The British Labor Party today has plans for nationalization and state control —steel, road transport, rented housing, piecemeal nationalization of a wide range of other industries, extensive and tight economic controls—beside which those of the Dutch or Germans or Austrians are a pale shadow. Yet the right of British Catholics to vote Labor has been many times affirmed by their Bishops, and the great majority of them do in fact vote Labor. As for indifference to religion, let the party (including the Christian party) that is not infected with it throw the first stone.

I do not think, then, that the tradition that treats membership in a socialist party by a Catholic as simply and without further qualification a sin can be maintained. But there might still be a case on tactical grounds for advising left-wing Catholics to restrain their rush into socialism and stay in the Christian-Democratic parties where, over much of Europe, they are at present to be found. It can be argued, first, that the socialists have moved as far and fast as they have only because they have had to face the competition of parties based on a clear-cut Christian doctrine; take this competition away, and they will no longer see any need to care for the opinion of the Christian minority. Secondly, it might be that Christians in some countries can contribute most to political life by concentrating in one party which will act on definite Christian principles, even though this means running in one team the left wing and the right, the progressives and those who think that nothing should ever be done for the first time.

I must say that for Northern Europe at least I myself feel more and more doubtful about these arguments. First, the socialist parties in which Christian influence has gone furthest and fastest have been those of Great Britain and Ireland, where Christians went right in on the ground floor. If these parties today are distinctly un-Christian in their outlook, this is due not to any fault in the parties themselves but to the failure in recent years of the Churches, and especially of the Nonconformists and the Catholics, to train their members for political life, a failure to build the Church among the politicians. Secondly, the good effect of competition by a Christian party is offset by hostility where the Church becomes identified with the party enemy. The image of the Church in the mind of a rank and file German socialist, as shown for example in the speeches at the last Social-Democratic Party congress, is quite terrifying to anyone who thinks in terms of the apostolate; and this at a time when the party is falling over backwards in its efforts to come to terms with the Church. The Church has long preached the idea of a corporative social order. German socialists, observing the company some Christian Democratic politicians keep, identify this as a social order run by the giant corporation.

And if it is argued that the party with clear-cut Christian principles can do most towards a Christian social order, there comes up at once a dilemma. Unless such a party has leaders and a solid core of managers and local officials who are well trained in Christian social principles and deeply devoted to them, it can hardly expect to achieve a coherent policy amid the pulls and pushes inevitable where people of all degrees of progressivity are herded together in one committee-room.

If the hard-core personnel exist, they could be used instead to go into other parties and penetrate them with Christian influence from within. And usually it would be better for them to do this. I grant that there are exceptions, and that these exceptions account for the rise, though not always for the continuance, of the European Christian-Democratic parties. I have examined them in my *Christian Democracy in Western Europe*. But in most of Northern Europe it seems to me that progress today will move faster and Christian penetration will be deeper if the Christian liberal (in the American sense) lines up with the humanist who shares his view that all is not for the best and that something ought to be done: this while the Christian conservative seeks out some grand old elephant, adorns it with an Old Etonian tie, and takes his stand upon it in the last ditch along with the Liberal (in the continental European sense) for whom reaction is the categorical imperative of Kant.

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The ad-men are cashing in on the battle of the sexes

Enter the Man's Man

by JOHN P. SISK

IT SEEMS SAFE to say that Marlboro cigarettes, now in the fourth year of their tatoomanship, have been the subject of one of the decade's most successful advertising campaigns. The famous ad had gotten itself established in the public mind as an ideal type of appeal to the male audience. But Marlboro has no monopoly on virility; ads for all sorts of products are being given a definite masculine slant today.

This is being done with conventional symbols of masculinity, whether used to break through a feminine association with a product (the mustache and lean manly face of the Tetley tea-taster) or simply to underline the masculinity of an established male product (the beard and the cavalier look of the man smoking the Van Dyck cigar). To sample the field: jack-hammer operators, jet pilots, railroad brakemen, deckhands, Coast Guard sailors and policemen recommend Lucky Strike, Pall Mall and Chesterfield cigarettes; intellectual and virile editors, chemists and orchestra conductors think for themselves (and all alike!) about Viceroys; bearded men are the protagonists for Schweppes Quinine Water, Old Forester and Haig and Haig whiskeys; men with rugged, decisive faces relish Laird's Apple Jack and Adolph's Salt Substitute (high blood pressure is not necessarily for sissies); athletes endorse Schick razors and Hertz Rent-Cars and test the durability of Omega and Longine watches; tough, middle-aged captains of industry dream over De Beers diamonds. There are even more men behind the wheels in the auto ads (note Chrysler's man-with-the-bulldog-face who knows what he wants).

Indeed, for a period when it is widely believed that men have gone soft, have suffered from too much domesticity, suburban conformity and feminine domination, it is surprising how many characteristics traditionally associated with the he-man are on display. The ad man's pitch to the male is only part of the picture. At the same time television has been emphasizing the athlete, who, at least in peace time, is one of the most dramatic exemplars of masculinity. And when the athletes trot off to the showers and to libations of Brylcreem the burden of embodying the male image is assumed by television detectives, sea captains, jet pilots and big game hunters, but especially by the western heroes. Stereotyped and juvenile as most of these programs may be, they are still for millions of men immensely satisfactory dramatizations of a compelling male persona.

But neither sports spectacles nor television melodrama are able to fill up the man's increased leisure time, nor to satiate his appetite for masculinity. Into those dead intervals when the last halfback has disappeared under the stadium and the last outlaw lies dead in front of the saloon come the men's magazines. I do not refer to such long-established specialties as *Outdoor Life* and *Sports Afield,* which are un-selfconsciously masculine, but to the host of for-men-only pulps and slicks that have appeared in recent years. These magazines—from the sophisticated and in many ways not too typical *Playboy,* through the respectable *True* and relatively respectable *Saga* to the bawdy *Sir!*—draw their inspiration from the old *Esquire* and *Argosy;* from the old-fashioned western and action pulps; from *Confidential* and the *Police Gazette;* from Hemingway; from the burlesque theater; from the Marquis de Sade. A typical issue would include a hand-to-claw combat between man and beast; an exposé (homosexuality in prisons, narcotic smuggling in the Orient, sexual abandon of lonesome women vacationers in Miami); several pages of seductive posing by a girl-of-the-month; and advertisements offering larger biceps, get-rich-quick schemes, rejuvenators of virility, "candid" movies, pictures and books, and courses of instruction in the writing of love letters and in the arts of unlimited amorous conquest.

NONE OF this means that we are witnessing a resurgence of the male principle in American culture. It does mean that a certain image of masculinity that has never been in total eclipse is temporarily in the bright sunlight and the subject of a good deal of exploitation. If the details of the exploitation are observed in their whole context they mean nothing so simple as the return of the male, though they might suggest a great deal about the male's image of himself, of women and even of the future.

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There can be no doubt that the advertisers, television producers and publishers have, in terms of their own interests, made the right move. Elizabeth Pope may be right in saying in the August *McCall's* that American men are not a depressed minority of henpecked domestic slaves, but the thing is that the conditions of modern life are such that it is quite easy for many of them to feel that they are. They need only measure their present lot against an image of themselves formed under different social conditions: when they did not spend so much time at domestic roustabout activities; had not given away so much power of purse; had not declined from the position of unquestioned authority in the family; were not in the position of being forced to laugh at inept, bumbling spectacles of themselves in such family television shows at "Blondie," "The Life of Riley," and "Ozzie and Harriet."

What the exploiters of the image of man as traditional he-man have done is cash in on the battle of the sexes that it implies in modern life. This conflict is fought on so many levels, behind so many disguises and over so many fictitious issues that it is not nearly so easy to tell which side is winning as which is most worried. In this instance it is the men. The worry is implied in the way masculinity is underlined in the media I have been speaking of. It is there because the exploiters have shrewdly detected it in modern life. No doubt they share it.

It is inevitable, of course, that man, domesticated as he is in modern urban society, will suffer from this fear of not conforming to the image of masculinity that history has bequeathed to him—the image of man the warrior, man the conqueror of animate and inanimate nature, man the explorer, man the amorous predator. If he turns his attention to the image too long he can become only too aware that he has been losing ground. It is only natural that he blame the woman, who has been gaining ground almost as if she were the naturally superior person that Ashley Montagu said she was.

The woman is blamed then for having domesticated the masculinity out of man, for having smothered him with togetherness and left him no time for adventure. What makes this complaint possible begins for our culture with courtly love—with the man the bemused slave of the woman, always on the verge of cutting a figure like Don Quixote, and finding himself ultimately more of a slave than he had bargained for; yet living in a society that in other respects gives him priority over the woman, makes him her master. In this tense, ambiguous situation Quixote's mad wisdom (to let the service of his lady ennoble his manly adventure while keeping his distance from her) is a solution that calls for the discipline of the hero or saint. Few men are content to worship a woman from afar. Woman then comes to mean the emotional tyranny of love, more or less permanent commitment to another, domestic entanglements and an end to manly adventure.

Men escape from the power of women to the neighborhood tavern, to the bar car, to the club, to the convention, to the hunt, where they can revive together briefly their image of masculinity. The women are still there but reduced to ribald and manageable proportions. The image of masculinity in advertisements and male television programs have a men's club function, and so do the men's magazines. Women are important in the latter, but mainly as cheesecake, as objects of lust. The conventional male image implies not men without women but Don Juan. This is the man's revenge against what compels him too much, and perhaps too his revenge for his disillusionment with all the sublime promises of love.

BUT MAN is one term in a human dialectic and woman is another, and the trouble with the conventional and very exploitable image of masculinity is that it forces the dialectic into a melodramatic pattern: masculine virtue versus feminine corruption. In this melodrama it is not only men and women that suffer but civilization. Denis de Rougemont may be right in tracing the obsessive cult of sex and the breakdown of modern marriage to the heretical beginnings of passionate love; nevertheless to reject the image of woman that passionate love, in close combination with other secular and religious forces, has been so instrumental in forming, without putting something better in its place, is to reject an important civilizing influence in our culture. The lover is in danger of caring more about his passion than the being who arouses it, and he may be a potential threat to society because of his feeling that he is in the hands of a higher law, but at least he exists in a world where a sense of the sacredness and wonder of the individual person is always possible.

Both in fiction and in fact the loved women exerts a refining influence, inclining the lover to trim up his rough barbarian edges, which is another mood he is only too inclined to consider part of his masculine integrity. In *The Romance of the Rose,* for instance, Love advises the questing lover to be truthful, courteous, honest, to avoid ribaldry and all loose talk about women, be aware of pride, to dress neatly and to keep his person fresh and clean, and to be cheerful at all times. The lesson is that love is a discipline in which, although it may become a strait jacket or lure one into the fogs of bogus mysticism, the man can be made a gentleman.

The conventional masculine image rebels against this discipline but likes to compensate itself with the dream of a virility that does not so much win women as overpower them. It is hard for men to admit that civilization is the result of man and woman together,

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working together with whatever inadequate images of each other, suffering the qualifying and defining effects each has on the other. The masculine image carries in itself the naive belief that to liberate what is purely masculine in man (if that were possible) is to liberate a purely constructive force. What the image actually tends to liberate is an irrational, destructive force, the counter to that other destructive force that purely liberated femininity would be (a hint of which one catches in the Revlon ads).

IT IS TRUE that the pressure of society (motivated in part by the fear of unbuffered masculinity) has a modifying effect on the embodiment of the male image. Thus the fact that the western hero not only retains remnants of the traditional gentleman but often, especially in television melodrama, is a champion of law and order. But all this can be the merest veneer; and even when it is not, the savage gusto with which the hero serves his cause too often makes it clear that he is capable of only the most egotistic and visceral relationship with it. For the he-man—muscled, hirsute, avid for the hand-to-hand grapple with his antagonist, tolerating no feminine nonsense in his forthright drive at his object—has dangerous anti-intellectual tendencies which even the Viceroy heroes cannot make us forget. As such he threatens to become civilization's devastator, not its savior, for as Whitehead has said, "In the conditions of modern life, the rule is absolute: the race that does not value trained intelligence is doomed." The editors of *Esquire* have begun to realize this, and so may turn out to be arch-traitors to the he-man's cause.

But perhaps in the final analysis what the exploiters of the masculine image have touched is not so much modern man's fear of the woman as his fear of not being able to measure up to the demands the future will place on him. In a television program like that featuring Spillane's Mike Hammer this fear gets almost hysterical expression. Modern man, like Macbeth, is haunted by the fear of not being completely fearless, for to be a man is to be beyond fear. The conventional image feeds this fear, for it holds up to the male an ideal he knows in his heart he cannot live up to. The egotistic heroes of epic literature, who have contributed so much to the image, are not his breed. And yet no other standard of masculine conduct promises to save him.

And men are right to be concerned about many of the virtues in their compelling image, if wrong in their belief that no other image can contain them. Militarism has been, as William James pointed out a half century ago in "The Moral Equivalent of War," "the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood." The mistake, he said, was to see militarism as the only possible preserver. Hence he proposed an equivalent and disciplined attack upon poverty and suffering as an activity that would enlist the "military" virtues in the direct interest of civilization. His moral equivalent may seem visionary to us, but it is nevertheless in principle a plea for that moral and political conversion without which, says Karl Jaspers, "man's drive to violent acts, his pleasure in violence and recklessness, his drive to sacrifice himself in the pursuit of violence, to risk his life in conquest, his drive to go on and on to ever greater adventures" may now in the atomic age imperil "the whole human race."

TROPIC OF ADVENT

Florida rang with rain the eve of Christ's mass; the gallinules trod lily-pads,
Anhinga herons hung the boughs like fruit, the willows shuddered ghost of moony egrets.

Rain fell on dolphins' plunge and curve and secret smile
in sea and air torrent, the turquoise Gulf black met Christ's birthnight.

The rain rained on the Keys—Key Largo, Saddlebunch, Knight's Key, and Crawl.
Seven Mile Bridge billowed with rain, Gulf, bridge and ocean jumped with rain on Christmas Eve.

The ducks
rocked sleeping on the small cold waves and Christmas fell upon their feathers.
In the Everglades the alligator sailed with half a grin and Christmas pelted on his midnight scales.

The roadside canals swelled, eddied, boiled; herons that step and peer slept dripping; the rushes

rattled and rushed and the palms tore their hair;
the surf roared and the palms roared like the water, the water rained like palm-fronds on the sea.

The sea-grapes spun with water; the sand silently took God's rain.
Christmas fell on the swamp, on Okeechobee, inside the jungle raindrop;

the thick anonymous green grew into Christmas,
the jungle staggered, singing; upon the mangroves came the son of man.

The drops sprang back from lily-pads, rain rang the land like chimes:
the baby came at midnight to the rushes.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

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What is the meaning of the new religious interest in high places?

Religion and Public Life

by FRANCIS J. LALLY

IN THE PREFACE to the Gifford Lectures, Arnold Toynbee, in characteristic language, remarks that "we have been reminded of Religion by the quickening touch of Adversity." He adds that "this common experience is a serious call for a candid inquiry into the meaning of the glimpse of Reality that each of us obtains in the course of following this or that walk of life." And many another in our times, with a lesser gift for literary expression, has tried to say much the same thing.

What is true for the historian is true also, we may suppose, for those men in public life whom we are apt to call politicians. Thus in our own country we have watched the most extraordinary change during the last decade or more. The two topics which in our youth we were always warned against—religion and politics—have in fact become the closest of *companions,* although we cannot yet say friends. The lion has taken a place very close to the lamb.

A few months ago, for instance, we were supplied with a most impressive anthology, *In God We Trust,* by Mr. Norman Cousins, who had culled from their own writings the religious dispositions of the Founding Fathers. While we may not be sure that it was the intention of the author, it was possible to gather the impression that these *obiter dicta* were in fact a kind of apologia which would convince the contemporary mind, in case it might have some other notions, that these early Americans were basically religious, with attitudes sympathetic to religious principles and to religion itself. For the thoughtful reader, however, and one even slightly informed in theology, the effect is apt to be quite different. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Founding Fathers were almost all theologically illiterate. We can be grateful, of course, that their understanding of political realities was vastly more advanced than their understanding of religious ones.

This is not so severe a stricture as might at first be supposed, for the Founding Fathers were no more than men of their own times. Their naive approach to Christianity, even in the forms in which they were permitted to know it, can be explained and even excused in terms of their intellectual and religious environment. If they were repelled by certain forms of Protestantism which they knew, and repelled too by Catholic Christianity, which they knew hardly at all, they were reacting in both cases as we might expect of those who had wearied of the Reformation and its splintering effects and who had no reason to know anything but the least favorable about the Roman Church. They were not assisted by the fact that during their lifetimes the Catholic Church was passing through a critical period from the effects of which, as we recall, some observers were inclined to think she would never recover.

A CENTURY and three quarters later, however, the climate of America is quite different, and indeed Mr. Cousins' book is itself an indication, or should we say a symptom, of this precise change. What our fathers in the American society were pleased to get along very nearly without or at least to restrict to personal terms, the sons of their sons are eager to flaunt in public expressions of piety or piosity. It may be the "touch of Adversity" mentioned by Toynbee which has changed the complexion of the times, but whatever the cause, there is evidence from the highest plateau of American political life down that religion is now considered to be the kind of commodity which has some appropriate and beneficent effect in the area of politics. To be sure, cynical minds have already suggested that the new religious interest in high places is merely another example of the ability of the politician to use everything about him for some professional advantage. Since, however, it is not possible to be a reader of consciences, we should, lacking evidence to the contrary, accept as in good faith what has become a very apparent reality.

There are observers who will suggest that this phenomenon is something that has come to the front only in the present Administration and that it is likely to die with it. President Eisenhower, whose military background might seem to suggest something quite different, has unashamedly prayed in public and often sought divine guidance; moreover, his prepared addresses frequently refer to the Deity, as latterly in his recent

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U.N. address at the emergency Middle East meeting. Still, his predecessor, Mr. Truman, had on occasion shown similar dispositions. Who can forget his remarks a year after Hiroshima? He said then: "The atomic bomb ended one age and began another, a new and vital age of the soul." If this may seem uncharacteristic, it is profound enough to merit our recollection, and our serious reflection, more than a dozen years after its utterance.

Balanced against the Presidential concern for religious realities, we must mention the expressed attitude of men like George Kennan and Dean Acheson, who have given careful expression to the views of many other contemporaries within government and outside of it in testifying to the irrelevance of moral (and spiritual) principles in national decisions on such matters as foreign policy. Whatever may be the personal religious feelings of the statesman, they feel, his specifically political decisions are made in the context of a reality untouched by moral judgments. The times are too perilous, in this view, to allow for the luxury of conscience in matters affecting world history, and the handicap of morals in this amoral world is unacceptable. It might be difficult to imagine Mr. Dulles accepting this position, but it is likely that it is still the prevailing view among the engineers of politics on other levels.

We may be able to understand the problem more clearly when it is seen in concrete actions, since in these days of speech-writers and research assistants one man's words are apt to find themselves in another man's mouth. At Quemoy, for example, are we measuring our assistance in terms of right or in terms of power? Are Chiang and Formosa rightfully worthy of support or is southeast Asia in danger? In the Middle East, are we preeminently concerned with justice or oil? On the nuclear tests, are we responding to the moral concern involved or the mounting world opinion? Surely, for many of us, the answer to these and similar queries is that we are measuring political, military, strategic and other factors in all these decisions and *at the same time* assaying their morality. The moral element is not something added to the actions of men and nations, it is inherent in the act, its circumstances and the intention of those acting. To choose to disregard the moral note is not to remove it.

THE FOUNDING FATHERS, we have said, were theologically illiterate, but they were not at the same time morally without moorings. A certain vestigial morality remained even among those who had lost anything resembling Christian faith. The picture of Jefferson culling the Scripture for moral slogans appears naive to the believer but he surely felt that he was taking from it only that which was practical and, perhaps because practical, true. In our times the man in public life is not merely theologically unlearned but he is morally bewildered. Not ten men in politics in Washington today could tell the difference between the theologies represented by the Episcopalians, the Baptists and the Presbyterians, to classify only the three last Presidents, and probably eight of these ten would be willing to say that a man's morals concern his personal but not his public life.

What we are witnessing in the new religious interest in American politics and the appeals to the Deity is actually an attempt to find just where and under what heading we can introduce righteousness into our national life. This is not something we may ridicule or scoff at for, as Toynbee remarks, the times are forcing it upon us. The pressing question is whether we can afford to work haphazardly at the project, now trying this manner and now another, until in the end the whole ineffectual business is checked as, by that time, either unnecessary or unworkable. The Scriptures remind us that "not everyone who says, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom. . . ." We cannot then be satisfied with appeals to God or the mention of His name in public documents, encouraging as this may be to religious people. "Only those who do the will of My Father Who is in heaven will enter the kingdom of heaven." This is a vastly more serious concern and, obviously, one immensely more difficult.

Just as the Founding Fathers were the men of their generation, so too the present fathers of the republic reflect the times in which they live. If they are pious where we might wish them to be spiritual, or if they are moralizing without a true sense of morals, all this should not strike us as strange when we examine the environment which has produced them. The "Adversity" of two wars and the frigid facing of East and West which has followed upon these conflicts have thrust upon our generation problems of new proportions, and they have forced us to test, while our fathers were permitted to ignore, the ultimate meaning of man and of life.

Some continue to hold and to hope that the old answers—arms, diplomacy, allies and the rest—are quite enough; these people, no matter what label they bear, are the true reactionaries. Some others are striking out in new directions with courage but without point or pattern; these are the adventurers and some of them surely will find the way. Some others still, however, already see our struggle as one for survival, and they are taking anew the measure of man and the meaning of his existence. They will not be afraid to acknowledge the divine working in history, nor will they be loath to give it place. Providence, like the Spirit, will hang over the bent world even when men push it toward disaster. But in all our ventures, to discern and to seek the will of the Creator can alone bring that harmony that is truly peace.

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THE TRAGEDY

AS TIME passes I come more and more to realize that for the adult the past swiftly grows dim. Two years ago, ten years ago, the wartime years in the Army are covered with mist. Yet it is possible to evoke the years from six to sixteen with immediate clarity.

I thought I had forgotten about my four years as a pupil at Our Lady of the Angels school in Chicago. Then those searing headlines which described one of the great tragedies of modern history appeared, and memories rushed back like a flood. The very church building where I was baptized, later turned into a school, was the scene of such horror as is rarely visited on Americans.

Here I first attended Mass. Here I received Confirmation. Here, like the eighty-seven children who lost their lives, I was taught my first lessons by devoted nuns like the three who lost their lives in the fire.

Our Lady of the Angels in my day was a very ordinary parochial school, practically indistinguishable from hundreds like it in the Archdiocese of Chicago. Like the others, it did its work so quietly it was barely known beyond the confines of the city and the order of Sisters which administered it. But as I write, there are pictures of the building which has been familiar to me all my life, in newspapers all over the world. And I suppose that there are people like me, some of them perhaps scattered over the globe, who feel an extraordinary sense of personal identification with the tragedy because long ago that plain church building was the center of their small lives.

Just about a year ago I happened to be in Chicago and made a lonely sentimental journey to the parish which I left so many years ago. There were many changes; a much larger, grander church had taken the place of the modest building we knew, and the old church had been remodeled to serve as a school building. Yet everything was very much as I remembered it. I recall thinking at the time that though I had changed a great deal and had enjoyed experiences such as I never dreamed of as a child, I was forever tied to this place. In the formative years it had been my San Pietro, my Notre Dame, my Santa Sophia, my Holy Sepulcher. Here, I reminded myself, hundreds of us from the bleak streets of Chicago were first introduced to the glory and beauty of Catholicism: here we were incorporated into the great Western tradition that stretches back, back, back to the saints and prophets of old, so that in later years when I was fortunate enough to visit Rome, Paris, Istanbul and Jerusalem, it was not wholly as a stranger but as one coming home that I knelt before their altars.

I remember thinking this at the time I stood again outside Our Lady of the Angels. I remember wondering about the kids who now sat in the familiar classrooms under the tutelage of a new generation of nuns, some of whom—it struck me sharply—were years younger than I. I wondered whether life would be as good to these youngsters as it has been to me and whether in time their world too would broaden out from the parochial limits of Our Lady of the Angels to undreamed of horizons. Watching them playing around the school, I saw myself when I was their age and I sighed a little over the passing of innocence and the death of dreams, as the middle-aging are wont to do when they return to the places of their past.

Then I turned around and forgot about Our Lady of the Angels and the kids playing outside until the day the terrible thing happened.

There are no words for the kind of tragedy that lifted Our Lady of the Angels out of obscurity; attempts to find soothing words of consolation or to draw morals from it strike me as a kind of impiety. One's heart goes out to the stricken parents, the valiant nuns, the children who have survived—but words are too cheap to offer them. They have been called upon to face up to mystery, actually the most terrible mystery of all, and facing mystery is something that everyone must do for himself. In the face of such a disaster one must fall back on faith or find only bitter meaninglessness in the universe. To my mind, this is the greatest challenge faith offers—to believe that the hand of God has not been withdrawn from the world when such things happen. It is human to look for meaning, some immediate, recognizable meaning, so that one can say the children did not die in vain—but to do that is to avoid mystery, not to face it.

In the presence of the grief of those who were stricken by the tragedy one can only ask that they be strengthened in faith, nurtured in hope and that they grow in charity. Remembering the boundless faith of parochial school children from my own days at Our Lady of the Angels, I think I can say that this harsh wisdom comes easily only to those who are as innocent as the ones who perished. As we grow older, all of us may find it easier to express such wisdom—but, God help us, how much harder it is to hold on to it.

Most of us go through life unburdened by its demands. It is part of the mystery, however, that those who are called upon to accept it with finality are specially blessed. What a dreadful thing love is, said Father Zossima. And yet love is the beginning and the end of Christianity.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE STAGE

INTERIM REPORT

GOLDILOCKS: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kerr's affectionate delight in period fancies is driven here to a pitch which rather extinguishes its gentle humors. The pleasure this show gives is certain, though variable—much, I would say, a matter of one's mood—but it suffers from the ruthless Broadway insistence on satisfying all and hence running that risk of charming none.

"Ivanov": Chekhov's *pièce grise* of provincial acedia, played with distinction. An early tracing, too ambitious, it searches the special Chekhov world diligently though without any final or steady light, and the dramatist's "emotion in excess of the facts" is never less than something of a trial.

"Edwin Booth": The "bomb" of the season—a boneyard of Bartlett's quotations, strung together with the all-purpose prose of television. Mr. José Ferrer is the Yorick, and alas, poor Joe, but not much.

"Cue for Passion": In a week of Shakespearean hallucinations (*vide* above), Mr. Elmer Rice offered Elsinore-by-the-Pacific, a Hamlet who guzzles framboise, and an Horatio on the penology team at Alcatraz. Whatever the comment—dark intimations more out of Dr. R. Franzblau than Dr. S. Freud—Elmer's tune is seriously preposterous, and indeed, in its profound interludes, one of the year's better light comedies.

"La Plume de Ma Tante": Fertile improvisations in lunacy, most of which revolve about reality pushed into fantasy by a relentless application of Gallic logic. The *purest* theatre in seasons, though I would advise leaving this show at intermission.

"Heloise": Mr. James Forsyth's drama of the medieval turbulence and reconciliation has drawn much support in its wake. I found it prosaic and considerably less than exalted, some of which may be due to a superficial performance.

"Salad Days": Petitpoint scale and invulnerable naiveté carry this British vaudeville to something like uniqueness—of what, it would be difficult to say.

"Drink to Me Only": Mr. Tom Poston and a frantic ensemble demonstrating what need hardly be proved: that one may down two fifths of Scotch in a day and still retain full locomotion, and full dullness.

"Once More, With Feeling": Mr. Harry Kurnitz' *machine à rire,* which has previously done duty in the art colony, works as well among musical vanities. Popular critical comment, however, is largely reserved for Miss Arlene Francis' clothes.

"The Girls in 509": A second brewing, with all the desperate economy that implies, of the leaves out of which Mr. Howard Teichmann made so bracing a refreshment in "The Solid Gold Cadillac."

"The Flower Drum Song": Intermittently, the R-H factor is becalmed amid *longueurs* of San Francisco mandarins, but after the pieties, "Flower Drum Song" reaches for, and almost attains, the legendary sassy lift of "Pal Joey."

"The Shadow of a Gunman": The "throubles" again, a little wearily, until that complex and terrible finale which makes all the blather about O'Casey seem worthwhile. Here in a studied mosaic by the Actors Studio: amiable bits, powerful pieces, everything but the one great rhythm and lament of the stricken heart.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

THE LONELY ONES

TERENCE Rattigan's two short stage plays, which provided a full evening of adult entertainment as "Separate Tables," now provide a field day for actors Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman, who gave superb performances in the quite different lead roles of the two items. Although the movie, written by Rattigan and John Gay, combines the two plays into one continuous script and thus eliminates the *tour de force* acting possibilities, it retains the meaty adult fare and has a fine all-star cast to portray the unfortunate residents of the Beauregard Hotel. Even more than in the stage plays this somewhat seedy rooming house seems rather like a refuge for the lonely and desperate. And the only real fault of running the two plays simultaneously is that too many people in this small Bournemouth hotel have problems and, when the film reaches its climax, the audience is overwhelmed with too many soul-searching solutions.

Harold Hecht has given the film an outstanding production; and Delbert Mann has handled his brilliant cast expertly. Perhaps Rita Hayworth does not convey the depth that Margaret Leighton displayed in portraying the cold, calculating wife who hunts up the husband she divorced five years ago—hoping now to win him back with physical attractions she denied him as his conjugal rights then; but Miss Hayworth has the looks to make the role convincing, and Burt Lancaster is properly bitter and tough as her near-alcoholic ex-husband who once tried to kill this beautiful woman he still reluctantly longs for. Even more disturbed and disturbing are the characters played by David Niven and Deborah Kerr: Niven as the bogus major whose cheery and phoney talk about the memoirs he's writing is only a cover-up for his secret failing; Miss Kerr as

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the shy, gauche old-maid-before-her-time who enjoys talking to her sympathetic major but who is kept in a state of depressing anxiety by her domineering mother. It is this mother, played by Gladys Cooper with hateful disdain for men, who leads the hotel's other boarders in her campaign to exile the major when his offenses are reported in the local newspaper. The other residents, including the gentle lady played by Cathleen Nesbit and the elderly schoolmaster played by Felix Aylmer (who says that the trouble is due to a general lowering of standards, but when one lines up with right, one is often in questionable company) do not necessarily agree with the prude who hopes to get rid of the major. David Niven is at his best as the lonely, shamed man who tries to explain to embarrassed Deborah Kerr that they are both afraid of life and sex and he will relieve everyone by leaving the hotel.

Outstanding in this good cast is Wendy Hiller as the understanding and wise manager of the hotel who has fallen in love with rough-and-tumble Burt Lancaster but advises him to return to his ailing and desperately lonely wife, and advises the major to stay and face life. So the manager becomes the catharsis at this Hotel Universe at which trouble-laden people sit at separate tables needing each other and longing to communicate. The well-acted and thoughtful film, even for audiences who find it too crowded with characters and problems, is moving and compassionate.

THE STORY of Gladys Aylward, a courageous woman who was convinced that we are all responsible for each other, is the basis for "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness."

After being told by a mission society in London that she was not qualified, she worked as a servant girl to earn her fare to China, then went by the least expensive and most difficult way—through Siberia. But her troubles only began when she reached the remote town of Wangcheng where she became an assistant to a stout-hearted missionary woman whose inn was mainly a place to spread the Gospel to travelers. The following years saw plucky Gladys Aylward win the Chinese as friends and even attracting the Mandarin, an Eurasian military officer, the bandit chief, the inmates of a misruled prison and many, many others who recognized the woman's goodness and genuine interest in their well-being and happiness.

Ingrid Bergman is magnificent in the demanding lead role; and she glows, as does the whole picture, with the warmth of a dedicated person's love for man. Although Isobel Lennart's well-written script (based on Alan Burgess' novel *The Small Woman*) is somewhat vague as to the specific religion Gladys Aylward is preaching, the film's Miss Aylward actually lives Christianity. Miss Bergman has given many good film performances, but this will certainly rank with her best. No doubt Director Mark Robson deserves much of the credit for her moving portrayal and for the fine, though smaller, portraits in the large cast: Robert Donat as the wily Mandarin, Curt Jurgens as the stolid Eurasian officer who eventually falls in love with Gladys, Michael David as the bandit chieftain, Peter Chong as a devoted servant, and many others who contribute bits that make up the effective whole.

Perhaps "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" is too long as a film and is repetitive, but Buddy Adler's handsome production, with its beautiful sets and mountain scenery, would be difficult to cut. The lengthy movie is divided into two parts—the first showing Miss Aylward's early work to win and then help the Chinese, and the second concentrating on a long and exciting trek when she leads a hundred children to safety during the war. Both parts add up to a tremendously moving portrait of a determined woman inspired by love for her fellows. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"WHERE THE HEART IS"

Britt, Ia.

TO THE EDITORS: Your editorial, "Where The Heart Is" [Sept. 26], citing the admiration of Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo by some of his fans in Washington causes one to wonder if the duties incumbent upon Senate committeemen keep them from the papers. However, the "Little Caesar" of the Caribbean has other admirers, even closer to the scene. The Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Salvatore Siino, upon the occasion of the establishment of the "Patronato de San Rafael" (interesting name) said:

"This idea, of such obvious religious and social aims, is one of the many which have stemmed from the generous heart and perception of Generalissimo Trujillo, always tireless in seeking ways to increase the prosperity of his nation, in searching out problems and finding the most suitable way to solve them.

". . . may we soon see the rich fruits of this fertile contract, which manifests the spirit and love of his country by Generalissimo Trujillo, who has deigned to give brilliance to this important act with his presence, and which has been given the character of law by His Excellency, the President of the Republic, General Hector B. Trujillo Molina."

The "Patronato" is explained fully in a brochure that the Dominican Republic Information Service delights in making available. It is interesting to note that this "most suitable way" to solve the prosperity of the nation by this trust, conditions it with a "safeguard": "The Sacerdotal Institution of the Hispano-American Cooperation will undertake to withdraw from the coun-

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try every priest, religious person, professor, or auxiliary technician who by virtue of his or her social and political inadaptability, may lose the confidence of the Government of the Republic." (Article 10).

(Rev.) JUSTIN A. KANE.

"MONEY AND POLITICS"

Madison, Wisc.

TO THE EDITORS: The basic weakness of Mr. Peter Kilby's analysis in "Money and Politics" [Oct. 31] is his failure to realize that the problem of party responsibility is essentially socio-cultural and not institutional. It is sheer fantasy to assume that the centralization of the disbursement of campaign finances will result in party responsibility.

Advocates such as Mr. Kilby have largely ignored a basic social psychological fact of political life: the effect of individual multiple group membership upon the American party system. Empirical research in voting behavior has amply illustrated the cross pressures and consequent indecision which afflict voters because of their identification with numerous religious, economic, social, professional groups, etc., each advancing differing claims upon government and party. Such multiplicity, engrained in the very texture of our society, will not lend itself to the acceptance of a singular and unambiguous party program without generating a great deal of frustration and anxiety among the voting public.

These studies also reveal that party identification is a less significant variable in the determination of voting behavior than social status, economic position, or the candidate who is running. Social science has long since discovered that individuals define the world about them and their relationship to the social system in terms of group interests which give their lives direction and meaning. An effective party system must come to terms with the group basis of American society.

Of course, a society composed only of pressure groups would be anarchic. This, then, suggests the main function of a party which Mr. Kilby seems to ignore. The basic objective of a political party is to rule. In order to rule a party must mobilize an electoral majority. Such a feat is possible *only* when the appeal of a party is broad enough to capture the support of a wide range of interests.

Robert Dahl has described the American political system as a "polyarchy," a bargaining society in which leaders, official and non-official, check and control each other. Indeed, the very stability of a pluralistic body politic depends upon mutual give-and-take among many interests. This bargaining takes place largely within the framework of parties where the process of compromise and adjustment takes place. Parties perform the necessary function of mollifying the intensity of group conflict and integrating group demands; they do give some semblance of directionality to an otherwise dispersive system.

As a matter of fact, one could argue that the adoption of a responsible party system would accentuate those very difficulties which Mr. Kilby seeks to correct. Any rigid and unequivocal party program will necessarily deny access to party councils of major groups in our society. Consequently, these groups will be forced to exert their claims upon the government through instrumentalities other than the two major parties. The surest avenue to a multiple party system is the adoption of rigid and centrally directed parties. We know from the French experience that such a system leads to the complete breakdown of cabinet stability since the parties (really groups) will brook no compromise with each other. The group basis of American politics cannot withstand the petrification of the American party system. The excellence of the system is to be found in its elasticity.

Preoccupied with his scheme to augment party responsibility M. Kilby seems to have reflected little upon the possibility of its implementation. Such a party system, reminiscent of Britain's cabinet structure, would necessitate a radical revision in the structure of our government. Moreover, Mr. Kilby's emphasis upon the need for presidential and bureaucratic, as opposed to Congressional, leadership, poses very serious questions concerning popular control of the decision-making process and the maintenance of the federal principle in the party structure.

Finally, Mr. Kirby is essentially in error when he equates our decentralized party system with "irresponsible" politics. On the contrary, roll call studies of voting in Congress reveal a very high degree of party cohesion when votes are cast. This would seem to indicate a larger measure of party direction and coherence than Mr. Kilby is willing to admit.

I am not quarreling with Mr. Kilby's attempt to render our parties more responsive to the popular will or with his desire to see more enlightened leadership from Washington. But one must insist that the problem be attacked within the context of the political culture of our heterogeneous society, the realities of which he singularly ignores. DONALD P. KOMMERS.

AN APPEAL

A Benedictine community which conducts a grammar school for needy girls in Louisiana, has, for years, been struggling to obtain funds for a new building. Forty pupils are boarders. The nuns now find that "termites have worked havoc with our buildings," and they are also much concerned about the fire hazards. Donations should be sent to St. Gertrude's Convent, St. Gertrude Rural Station, Covington, La.

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The Authentic Double Vision of Catholic Tradition

JOYCE AMONG THE JESUITS. By Kevin Sullivan. Columbia. $5.

By PHILIP SCHARPER

THE PARTIAL alienation of English-speaking Catholics from the main currents of modern culture has resulted in a double impoverishment. That culture has not been directly enriched as fully as it might have been by the authentic double vision of the central Catholic creative tradition, which sees the *vestigia Dei et imagines Dei* in what we now call, simply, prosaically and heretically "things" and "people." Conversely, when modern writers have seen the world through that double vision and have reported on it (Hopkins, Joyce, Mauriac) their fellow Catholics have usually been, like Martha, over-busy with many things, and have left to non-Catholics the heavy burden of contemplating and commenting upon what are essentially masterworks of Catholic art.

These critics were not, in the main, equal to the task; lacking both Catholic sensibility and commitment, many could read with but one eye, and thus we passed through the period of hearing about Hopkins "hotly responding to Whitman's pantheistic sensuality" in composing "The Windhover" and Joyce's double rejection of the unreasoning piety of his mother (by a critic to whom all piety would probably appear unreasoning) and the militaristic authoritarianism of the Jesuits (this by a critic to whom all authority seems undemocratic and hence anti-human). Fortunately, these days of misreading of Catholic writers are almost over, but in fairness the Catholic critics and readers who rejoice in the recovery of their major literary figures should not forget that these same figures were usually first discovered by non-Catholics whose empathy, understandably, could not match their esthetic excitement.

In the case of James Joyce the recovery has been moving with almost dizzying speed. I would venture the guess that ten years ago it would have been difficult to find a Catholic college wherein the writings of Joyce were treated with the seriousness given to those of John Steinbeck; the last two years have seen Joyce established on "the beachheads of the (Catholic) little magazines," the publication of a collection of student papers on Joyce done by a Catholic girls' college on the West Coast; the devoting of a meeting of the Renascence Society to the works of Joyce, and the publication of such significant studies as Hugh Kenner's, Fr. William Noon's and Kevin Sullivan's.

Mr. Sullivan's objective is simple enough, but from the viewpoint of the Joyce reader immensely important; it is to define "Joyce's actual relationship with the Jesuits," who were his schoolmasters and the shapers of his spirit in his childhood at Clongowes Wood, his adolescence at Belvedere College and, least importantly, in his days at University College. Small forests have been churned into woodpulp to carry the view that Joyce, the clear spirit, must have rebelled, at first instinctively and later on intellectually against the dank and dour Irish Jesuits who presided over his education. If there were any doubt, one need only consider *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* wherein Joyce had made it all too plain. The fallacy here, of course, is the easy assumption that Joyce *is* Stephen Daedalus, and Mr. Sullivan exposes this fallacy more clearly, I think, than have any of his predecessors who have made this same point.

He has been aided by two factors: he has unearthed new research material, and has known how to interpret it. Mr. Sullivan is himself the product of a Jesuit education and taught in a Jesuit school at one period in his career. He is therefore in a position to see the living tissue in what to another researcher might seem dead and unpromising material—textbooks used by Joyce, school catalogues, a bursar's ledger of fees paid and, most importantly, a Sodality manual of the vintage in use when Joyce served for two years as Sodality prefect at Belvedere College. Lest the unwary think this a guerdon for the pious, Mr. Sullivan points out that the prefect played a more significant role in the school than that enjoyed today by the president of the student council; his role was, in fact, "quasi-sacerdotal" and the sacerdotalism of Joyce's later writings, often but yet incompletely explored by the critics, may well trace its origins, according to Mr. Sullivan, to the Sodality at Belvedere over which Joyce presided.

It is in the making of points such as these that Mr. Sullivan is most stimulating, and his work should do much to dilute the influence of Herbert Gorman, who long guarded the gate of Joyce studies. His treatment of the early Joyce assumed that *A Portrait* was strict autobiography, and his depiction of the Jesuits owed more to English fiction than to Irish fact. Unlike Mr. Gorman, Mr. Sullivan is at home with Irish Jesuitica, and he makes skillful use of the least hint in such documents as the Sodality manual, the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius and The *Ratio Studiorum.* These are great landmarks of Jesuit country, and James Joyce was, as man and artist, a product of that country as well as of that Ireland and that Dublin which at once drew and repelled him. In short, Mr. Sullivan knows both terms of his study, Joyce and the Jesuits, and succeeds remarkably well in his announced intention to define the "actual relationship" between them. No one coming to the reading of Joyce for the first time should overlook this book; no one seriously interested in Joyce would want to. A new dragon guards the gate.

This is not to say, of course, that Mr. Sullivan's study will command assent on every point. "Et ego in Arcadia . . ." as both student and

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teacher in Jesuit schools, and I feel that Mr. Sullivan might assume too literal a transition from the prescriptions of the *Ratio Studiorum* and the Spiritual Exercises to the academic and ascetical experience of Joyce as a Jesuit pupil. But these and similar points which might be raised are rather minor; Mr. Sullivan has made a substantial contribution to the biographical study of a complex and compelling figure who seems destined increasingly to shape modern sensibilities.

Nor has he, fortunately, stayed always within his self-appointed limits of the "factual and biographical." Joyce the person is made to comment constantly on Joyce the artist, as when Mr. Sullivan remarks that "it is the ghost of the priest Joyce did not become who is constantly guiding the hand of the artist in the act of becoming," or when the Sodality manual is discussed as at once the personal *vade mecum* of the adolescent boy and a source book for the mature artist.

We are becoming increasingly aware that James Joyce is a traditional writer. Mr. Sullivan helps us to understand that fact better by illuminating much of what Joyce may have meant when he remarked, "You allude to me as a Catholic . . . you ought to allude to me as a Jesuit."

Dante of Suburbia

THE HOUSEBREAKER OF SHADY HILL AND OTHER STORIES. By John Cheever. Harper. $3.

By RICHARD GILMAN

PAUL VALERY has spoken of the ideal reader whom each writer addresses and to whom he submits himself for judgment. Fortunate is the man who finds actual readers resembling the image he has carried in his heart. And it must follow that the worst thing that can befall a writer is to have his work taken up by the image's opposite, by a sewing circle, for instance, when his ideal is a confidence-man.

Consider the situation of John Cheever, whose prophetic role it is to call suburbia to repentance, but whose artist's soul must kick against the pricks. Are we to believe that he puts his sorrowing heart and dry-eyed perceptions in the service of an image native to Westchester or Fairfield County, that the people he writes about are, by some inner triumph of magnanimity, also the ones by whom he wishes to be judged?

He is more likely uncomfortable in the role of culture-hero to the barbecue and Volkswagen set, though whatever distress he feels he keeps to himself. Still, that is what he is, the Dante of the cocktail hour, and if he deserves, for his craftsmanship and uncommon satirical gifts, another name to go under, it is also true that he has laid himself open to his followers.

There is a curious masochistic streak in Cheever's most devoted, or professional, readers. They await each new exposé of their follies and lovelessness with the tingling sensations usually associated with anticipated praise or the preliminaries to a liaison. It is, I think, essentially a non-literary phenomenon, and the masochism is only apparent. What Cheever's well-heeled admirers want is what, by an ultimate failure of sensibility, he recedes into giving them: an exercise in sophisticated self-criticism, together with a way back into the situation as before. This isn't to say that he has nothing else to give; only that the extravagance of the esteem for him has psychological, not esthetic, origins.

The tension in these stories about the mythical suburban community of Shady Hill arises, as in all art, from the space between appearance and reality, or the data of existence and its possibilities. In this town where existences receive the most brittle nourishment, like paper flowers in a martini glass, there storms up the dream of love. Here where the good life is pursued as by sleepwalkers there supervenes, like a hand on the shoulder, the temptation of a shattering about-face.

"God preserve me," a character in one story prays, "from women who dress like toreros to go to the supermarket, and from cowhide dispatch cases, and from flannels and gabardines. Preserve me from word games and adulterers, from basset hounds . . . and Bloody Marys and smugness and syringa bushes and P.T.A. meetings."

And "amen" the readers on the 5:18 may say. And an amen at each moment in these chapters of the moral history of Shady Hill when with grace and economy the revelation is offered—that all is sand, that no felicity has been snared, that life has reneged on its promises. But they do not get off in the Bronx and throw their attaché cases away, and who could expect them to? Still, literature has been known to bring about such things.

Cheever's will not bring it about, nor anything symbolic of it, because if you wait patiently enough and hearken between the lines you will hear, often faintly it is true, the all-clear sounding.

For Cheever, with all his wit and sophistication and his coldness of eye, is essentially a sentimentalist and usually contrives to let his fish off the hook. It is never clearer than when he is opposing something to the toreador pants and sterile parties and waspishness of suburban marriages. The land of deliverance he prays for is wholesome and American: "the trout streams of our youth," a light-hearted game of softball, bright welcoming lights behind the picture window. Or else it is romantic and "deep"—the "churches of Venice" or islands in the "purple autumn sea."

Cheever's women are always loved for their blondeness or bosom line and his men because they are lithe. They have a nostalgic need for mountains (not high), sailboats at twilight and tennis with new balls. It is all adolescent at bottom and not simply because Cheever is portraying a world of adolescent values. In the end he shares them. At least he shares them enough so that in these stories sadness never mounts to tragedy or feeling to passion. To smell red meat is a vague hope in a universe of frozen canapés, and the jungle is far, far from the cropped lawns.

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Theory as Novel

FROM THE TERRACE. By John O'Hara. Random House. $6.95.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

ACCORDING to Mr. O'Hara, this is Alfred Eaton's story. He was, or is, the second and only surviving son of Samuel Eaton. But, O'Hara goes on in his italicized introduction, ". . . our purpose is not only to characterize Alfred Eaton; it is something more ambitious than that and more ambitious than the characterization of the men and women and children whose lives he touched, whose lives touched his. But we cannot know until we have completed this chronicle how well we have succeeded or to what degree we have failed, and so we must refrain now from a statement of our purpose until we have come to the end of our work and can examine something that has been done."

There is no reason why an author should have a statable purpose but, on finishing *From the Terrace,* I wished that O'Hara had attempted to sum up what he had done.

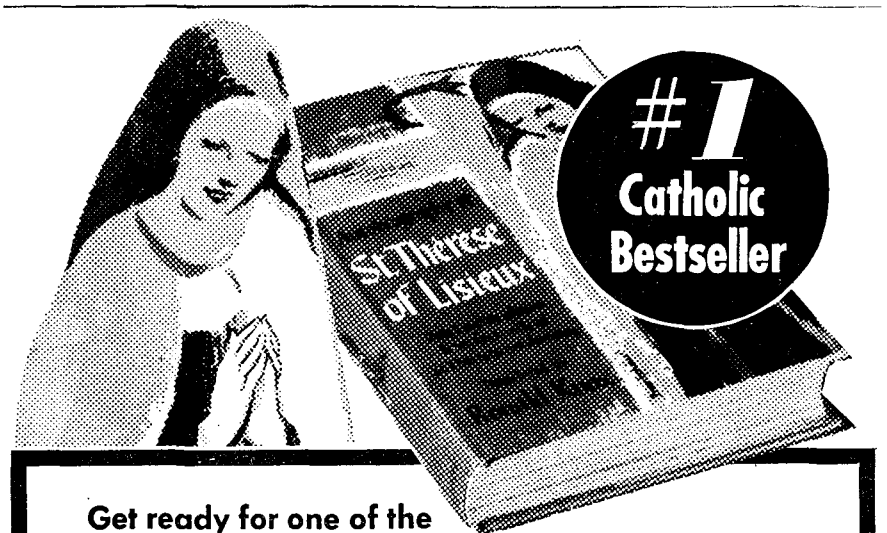
That this chronicle is primarily Raymond Alfred Eaton's story there can be no doubt. O'Hara says that Alfred Eaton "was and is a simple man" and there is little doubt of that either. But all of O'Hara's characters are simple, simple people in a world many of them helped to make and none of them understood.

Alfred Eaton was born in 1897. His father did not love him and, after Alfred's older brother's death in 1908, ignored Alfred save, occasionally, to show his indifference. Indeed, Samuel Eaton's only positive emotion is resentment that Alfred lived and William died. After two years at Princeton and a stint in the Navy, Alfred leaves home in Port Johnson, Pennsylvania and goes to New York where he lives idly for a time before settling down to marriage and the business of making a million dollars. He makes over two million before he is forty-five. Through the twenties and thirties, Alfred falls out of love with his wife and in love with a woman some years younger than he. His wife, Mary, who develops a low opinion of love, becomes a nimble sensualist and willingly grants Alfred a divorce during World War II, asking only a million dollars for the favor. Meanwhile, Alfred, a staunch Republican and a respected member of the financial community, has become Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Roosevelt. He makes several dozen enemies during his tenure, is eased out of the firm from which he took leave of absence to go to Washington, suffers a severe hemorrhage followed by phlebitis and sinks into a mental and moral lethargy which at the end of the book has subjected him to the benevolence of friends and to the beginnings of his second wife's contempt. So be it.

Throughout almost nine hundred pages, O'Hara is faithful to his conception of his main character and throughout a good three-fourths of these pages that conception and the character are dull and mediocre. Behold Alfred Eaton! As a man, a real man, he deserves compassion; but he is a character in a book, not a real man, and as such he is uninteresting.

He is so, I think, for the very reason that all of the other characters are uninteresting: he is moderately intelligent but he does not—indeed he seems to be afraid to—think.

O'Hara has been praised as a perceptive student of American manners and morals. And, admittedly, his description of the manners and values of the rich who lived on Long Island's North Shore during the twenties of this century is good and his analysis deft enough, but the abstract analysis usually tells us nothing new and, what is more important, tells us nothing about any one person. It is as if O'Hara had made his own the assumption of many social scientists: that there is no self, no personality that is not a derivative of social experience. A book review is no place to quarrel with such an assumption, but is the place to point out how ruinous it can be for the novelist who adopts it.



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O'Hara's sentences are coherent enough but they lack vigor; his dialogue, which has been admired, is not good dialogue at all. He is deft with words but the conversations sound as if they had been recorded. The reader is not in the room with the characters; he is outside, with his ear and, less often, his eye to the keyhole.

Finally there is a good deal of sex and talk about sex and those with sufficient timidity to avoid the more vulgar kinds of pornography may want to spent the seven dollars and be lewd and fashionable at the same time.

Vision and Words

CERTAIN POEMS. By John Edward Hardy. Macmillan. $2.75.

By NED O'GORMAN

IN THESE poems I find the intelligence of the poet; a dark insistent statement, the mystery of Christ's world and a surrealist imagination. But Mr. Hardy is perhaps too concerned with his vision at the expense of his language. In poets who are filled with thoughts of God's image in the universe, there is, frequently, a certain complexity of statement that is something other than the natural complexity of vision. The deeper a man sees into the workings of the world, the darker, the more fathomless becomes his vision, but this darkness should be illuminated by language; unless a poet is up to the task of language *and* to the task of vision, his poetry often remains hidden and dispersed in gnarled rhetoric. I think of another poet whose manner is different from Mr. Hardy's but to whom I would apply the same remarks: Mr. José Garcia Villa.

In the finest poems in this book there is a knotted intricacy of statement and an ungainly language that sever the vision and spoil the poem.

There are superb meditations in this book. *Colloquy In Transit,* seems to me to be a truly excellent poem where the vision finds its language, but the vision, for a moment, runs afoul of language and sets down an imperfection on a marvelous concept:

What tongueless banishment informed, compelled
So blessed agony of nameless telling?

"Blessed agony," and "nameless telling"—what are we to think of this after a sound statement of the mystery of the self?

These poems are often badly worded: "naked throes," "purge my veins with terror of your misericord," "lambent nimbus," "intransigent syntax," "covert locutions." In "Voyeur" the possibility of a brilliant poem is lost in language that simply does not perform the task of form:

One, with small breasts, and a winglike lift of arms,
Undressed by her motion's seeming, every night
Before a glass.

"Her motion's seeming"; *that's* the fault in this poem.

It is difficult to write about these poems because the source of the vision, so splendid and serious and the language, on occasion, so metaphysical and theological (I think of "Spring Before Easter," "Veneration of the Host" and "Surf At Nags Head.") tend in my mind, to the greatest pleasure. It is not an easy thing for a poet to write about the presence of the world and when it is accomplished with such feeling one wishes the "poem" were as perfect as the vision.

Perhaps the flaw in Mr. Hardy's poetry is contained most clearly in the last poem in the book: "To The Modern Catholic Poets":

No doubt we're right, who serve
no wine but the driest,
Bend now our numbers to none
but sternest whimsy;
Indeed it must have offended
the very wrist
Of the carpenter's boy, when
every way for Sunday
He stretched his frame to fit
that sorry botched
And knocked together thing.
But still it is
Crucial too, and more, to think
how watched
The joiner of it when scarecrow
silence
Broke to swansong. For must
we bear
The day for flight, we take that
word for all
His feather, or in some bloody
clout or other
Wrap the mind forever, forever
call—
Pylades, Pylades! See, they are
here!—
And take the nearest dog or
cow for mother.

It is Jesus Christ Mr. Hardy means when he says "carpenter's boy," and when he writes "that sorry botched and knocked together thing" he means "cross." "When scarecrow silence broke to swansong," means to describe that lovely transition from death to resurrection; but the tacit analogy seems to be awkward because it tends to be simply "poetic," or simply "another" way to say something else. (I must admit that the last lines do escape me.) I think it is this insistence on circumlocution, on the studied phrase that in the end undermine the vision and the poem.

What poets must praise, over and above the world is the splendor and task of language. Religious poetry, whatever it is, must attend on the nature of God, and since He is Simplicity, since He is Absolute and One, the task of the poet is doubly hard; he must write about Simplicity in the language of an intricate and shadowed world. Mr. Hardy has not yet accomplished that mastery of language.

Love and Lust

HEROES AND ORATORS. By Robert Phelps. McDowell, Obolensky. $3.75.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

MR. PHELPS has chosen an attractive title for his book. Unfortunately after reading it, it is impossible to believe that he knows the meaning either of orator or hero. Gib, on whom the latter

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accolade is bestowed, is nothing but an extraordinarily stupid lout—not even an engaging rogue. Roger, the orator, narrates the story, but seldom raises his voice above a low conversational tone. Neither of them has much to say other than trivia, and this just about sums up the book.

Mr. Phelps sets his theme in the right key in the opening chapter. Roger, speaking to his pregnant wife across the breakfast table, says to her, "You were a child and I was a child. . . . Pretty soon we'll be three children. Hansel and Gretel, rocking a cradle." Undisciplined children, he might have added, for as the narrative unfolds it becomes clear that one is reading a tale of emotional adolescents—people who want the status of adults without corresponding responsibilities.

Roger is presented as the thinker rather than the doer—hesitant, indecisive, unsure of his manhood and even more uncertain of his maturity. Gib, in contrast, has no doubts at all; he acts directly without reflection particularly in any situation that involves sexual conquest. Inevitably there is a kind of rivalry between them in which Roger, with his lack of forcefulness, comes off second best. Along the way they manage to hurt and damage everyone within range, yet it is callous and indifferent Gib who seems less culpable. Roger, intelligent and sensitive, perpetrates betrayals of a deeper and more serious nature precisely because he knows what he is doing to those he betrays.

The antics of these two unlikable characters are played out in a Catskill artists' colony where *la vie bohème* is taken for granted and bi-sexualism is the norm. Chief among the misfits is Margot, a commercial artist, who, having divorced her husband, Mark, continues to live amicably with him until she conceives a passion for a beautiful, moronic school girl. Margot persuades Elizabeth to move into the house she shares with Mark, only to lose the girl to her ex-husband. He, however, is conveniently removed from the scene by a heart attack. Once again Margot is in full possession of the field. Elizabeth, however, has ideas of her own. This nubile nymphomaniac is as direct as Nature itself, and after a few encounters Roger is frantically packing his wife off to Provincetown to clear the field, only to discover that Gib is there ahead of him.

And so the dreary story goes on. Margot suffers one crushing humiliation after another until self-respect is gone; Darcy, Roger's wife, is betrayed in intention if not in fact (though the actuality is implied in the conclusion); Gib's girl Tony receives a brutal dismissal when Elizabeth appears. One could almost believe that Mr. Phelps is cataloguing man's inhumanity to woman were it not for Elizabeth's responsibility in everyone's unhappiness.

The publisher's jacket tells the unwary reader that this is a love story. It is not. It is a story of lust, of possessiveness, of selfishness, but the only kind of love in this book is narcissism. And the most depressing thing about this highly depressing work is that Mr. Phelps writes so skillfully. His dialogue is authentic, his descriptive writing imaginative and original. Except for a somewhat pretentious prologue, he handles his material with control and authority, but what he has to say is without value or importance.

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